

THE
**GREEN
HORNET**

STRIKES!



THE
BETTER
LITTLE
BOOK

BASED ON THE FAMOUS RADIO PROGRAM

The
**GREEN
HORNET**
STRIKES!



1453

THE *Best* OF THE
BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

- MICKEY MOUSE
- DONALD DUCK
- THE LONE RANGER,
with Silver and Tonto
- DICK TRACY the Detective
- TOM MIX
- BUCK JONES
- TARZAN OF THE APES
- LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
- DAN DUNN, Secret Operative 48
- KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

Alice June De Paster



LICENSED BY
The Green Hornet Inc.
DETROIT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MICHIGAN

The Green Hornet Strikes!

By FRAN STRIKER

Illustrated by
ROBERT R. WEISMAN

*Based on the Famous
Radio Series*



WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Racine, Wisconsin

Copyright, 1940, by
THE GREEN HORNET, Inc.
Printed in U. S. A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I The Blast.....	9
II The Sinister Mask.....	40
III Into the Night.....	86
IV The Silver Slipper.....	132
V Gambler's Plans.....	190
VI The Hornet Writes a Letter..	250
VII Jim's Panic.....	298
VIII Headed for a Showdown....	334
IX Conclusion	356



An Object Was Tossed at the Store

The Green Hornet Strikes!

CHAPTER I

THE BLAST

The heavy sedan moved slowly along Tenth Street in a dingy part of town. It came to a halt, the motor idling, before a small shop which was labelled "Bender's Tailoring Establishment."

Someone tossed a small object about the size of an orange toward the store. It arced across the sidewalk, and smashed through the plate-glass window.

As glass tinkled to the sidewalk, the heavy car lurched forward with a clashing of gears and gathered speed as it disappeared in the foggy night.

A thunderous roar split the silence. Vivid flames of scarlet lashed from Bender's shop. Glass,



A Moment Later Bedlam Broke Loose

bricks, and mortar showered across the street as the entire store front was carried away by the ground-shaking blast of a gangster's bomb. Acrid smoke filled the air, and for a moment there was nothing but the sound of debris clattering on the pavement.

Then bedlam broke loose. The screams of panic-stricken women and frightened children rose above the heavy shouts of men.

Bender himself and his grey-



The Store Was Completely Wrecked!

haired wife were badly shaken by the blast, and for several moments they were speechless.

The aged couple rose, trembling, to their feet. They were quite sure that it was their own place that had been destroyed by the explosion; yet they feared to face the grim and awful truth. They went through a door that led from their living quarters to the shop, and there destruction met their eyes.

The store itself was completely



A Small Coupe Slew'd Around the Corner

wrecked. Where the front had been, there was now nothing but the open street and a rapidly increasing crowd of people.

The shrilling of a siren announced the arrival of a police car. Bender saw it skid to a halt at the curb, and bluecoated men climb out.

While the police made their way through the crowd, another car slewed around the corner. It was a small and somewhat aged coupe,



A Big Man Pushed Through the Crowd

but the driver made enough noise, keeping a heavy hand on the horn, to clear the path before him.

The coupe skidded slightly, swinging into the curb behind the police car, and came to a sudden halt with squealing brakes. A heavily built man in a derby hat pushed through the car door, slapping the door closed behind him.

His voice bellowed above the murmurs of the crowd.

"I'm Axford," he said, shoulder-



The Police Did Not Stop Him,

ing his way to what remained of Bender's place. "Axford of the Daily Sentinel."

"You again," complained one of the cops. "It looks like you get inside information on where these things are going to happen."

"I just happened to be hangin' around the cops' headquarters when the call came in," explained the big, blue-eyed Irishman. "Now lemme through."

Perhaps the fact that Axford



Sergeant Doyle Greeted Him Coldly

himself had at one time been a detective gave him privileges that other men wouldn't dare to claim. At any rate, he put a hand against the chest of the police officer, pushed him back, and barged into the ruined shop. There he saw a friend.

"Doyle," the big fellow shouted, "by golly, it's glad I am that you're in charge here."

Sergeant Doyle looked up.

"You," he said without enthusi-



The Sergeant Questioned the Tailor

asm, "how'd you get here so quick?"

"Oh, I don't lose no time when there's somethin' like this breakin' loose." He looked around the shattered place, his blue eyes growing wide with surprise. "Gosh," he muttered, "this bombin' is a hum-dinger, now, ain't it?"

Doyle nodded agreement and turned back to Bender.

"Now tell me about it, Bender," he said.



"Tell Us What You Can," They Urged

"I—I—haven't anything t-t-to say," stammered the frightened little tailor.

"Who did this?" asked Axford.

"I—I—d—don't know."

"That's not true," contradicted Sergeant Doyle. "You know who did it, and you know why. Now why not help us put these rats in jail, and tell us what you can?"

"I—I've nothing t—to say."

"Yuh mean," snapped Axford, trying his best to look grim and de-



Bender Dropped His Eyes to the Cluttered Floor

terminated, "that yuh ain't goin' tuh talk. Is that it?"

Bender shook his head.

"Yuh know who done this, an' yuh know why it was done, just as me pal Doyle has said. It's the same as all the other bombin's that've happened around town. It's that bunch o' hoodlums runnin' the Protective Society, ain't that it?"

Bender dropped his eyes to the cluttered floor but said nothing.

"Bender," asked Doyle sharply,



"I'm Not Saying a Word!" He Replied Sharply

"weren't you approached by a man who wanted you to pay a few dollars each week for protection? Didn't he tell you that if you'd pay up, you could be sure nothing like this would happen to your place of business?"

"I'm not saying a word!" replied Bender with a hitherto unshown spirit. "It's bad enough to have this happen, without running the risk of being shot dead!"

Doyle's lips grew thin as he



"Racketeers," Doyle Guessed

shook his head slowly.

"The same old story," he said. "This gang of racketeers has everyone afraid to talk. If men don't join their protection club, and pay the dues each week, they blow up their store, and if anyone shows any sign of turning witness and helping the law by describing some of the members of the gang, it's gunplay and sudden death."

"That's just it," growled Axford. "Jumpin' crow, if these bombin's



"Somethin' Should Be Done," Axford Growled

keep on, that gang o' crooks will have everyone in town payin' tribute to them. Somethin' should be done about it!"

"We're trying to smash the racket," complained Doyle, "but we can't get anything to work on. We've caught a couple of gangsters, but we haven't been able to make a case against them. Somebody hires the best lawyers that money can buy to defend them, and there's lying witnesses to give



"I've Got a Theory."

them alibis, so they go free before we can even bring them to trial."

"Yuh know, Doyle," said Axford seriously, "I've got a 't'eory' about who's the big shot behind this racketeer bunch."

"You and your theories," growled Doyle, who had known Axford a good many years. "What's the theory this time?"

"I think," said Michael Axford softly, "that the big shot behind the racket is the Green Hornet."



"WHO IS THE GREEN HORNET?"

"And if he is," retorted Doyle, "we're as bad off as we were before. WHO IS THE GREEN HORNET?"



A Single Paragraph in the Newspaper

CHAPTER II

THE SINISTER MASK

Axford fussed and fumed with the night editor of the Daily Sentinel when he saw what he thought was a glowing account of the bombing, cut down to a single paragraph.

"Where," he bellowed, "is yer nose fer news? That's a hot story."



"What About the Green Hornet?"

"Listen, Axford, you fathead," retorted the editor, loosening his necktie and unbuttoning the collar of his shirt, "what the heck is this about the Green Hornet?"

"That's my t'eory," explained Axford. "The Green Hornet has been mixed up in no end o' things around this town. The cops have been goin' crazy tryin' tuh run down the Green Hornet, an' that mysterious car o' his."

"As if I didn't know it!" replied



"I've Heard All About Him," He Growled

the night man. "I've heard all about the way the Green Hornet has been driving the police in circles. I've heard how he has escaped from the police by throwing a smoke screen from his car; how the police have found men the Hornet has gassed with the trick gas gun of his, and I've heard about the twenty thousand dollar reward this newspaper is offering for the capture of the Green Hornet, dead or alive." He rose to his



He Smashed His Fist on the Desk

feet and balled his fingers into a fist. "But that doesn't mean that EVERY TIME anything happens, YOU have to say the Green Hornet did it."

The night editor smashed his balled fist down on his desk with a force that made the inkstand jump. Axford blinked, but made no comment.

As for the rest of the men in the city room, they were highly amused by the entire scene, and grinned



Axford Was By No Means Stupid

openly at Axford and the man in charge. They all liked Michael Axford, and understood him. They knew that what he lacked in quick-thinking ability, he more than made up in sincerity. They also knew that despite his plodding methodical way of doing things, he was by no means stupid.

All the members of the staff of the Daily Sentinel made allowance for Axford's bungling when he tried to turn reporter because they



Britt Reid's Father

knew that as a bodyguard he was excellent, and he was really hired as a bodyguard. The present owner and publisher of the powerful newspaper, Britt Reid, was a young millionaire, just a few years out of college. Britt Reid's father had turned the paper over to the gay young clubman, in the hope that the responsibility would make Britt take life more seriously. Then to make certain the happy-go-lucky young publisher didn't



"Go Home and Watch Britt," He Suggested

get into danger through his love of adventure, Axford was hired.

But Axford wasn't satisfied with being a bodyguard. He also wanted to be a reporter, and a wistful expression came into his frank face when the night editor expressed himself so definitely.

"Have it your way," said Axford, "cut me story down if yuh want to, but, by golly, Britt Reid'll hear about this!"

"That's all right with me," said



"You Still Here?" He Asked Sarcastically

the editor. "Go on home and tell Reid; keep an eye on him, as you're paid to do, and let us run things here."

He picked up his thick blue pencil and turned to galley sheets that needed editing.

Axford remained where he was, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. After a moment, the night editor looked up.

"You still here?" he inquired sarcastically.



"Maybe He Wanted to Get Rid of You."

"Look," began Axford. "I still think that the Green Hornet is somehow hooked up wit' these racketeers. The Green Hornet is slick, an' this is just the sort o' thing he'd like."

"Will you go home? Britt Reid gave you a room in that million-dollar apartment of his so's you could do a better job of body-guarding him! Now why don't you GO there and watch him, instead of ramming all over the



"I Better Git Home Fast!" Axford Exclaimed

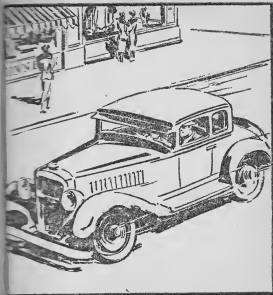
whole city every night."

"But Reid said he wasn't goin' out this evenin'. He said I might as well go an' visit me friends at the cops' headquarters."

"Maybe he just wanted to get you out of the apartment so he could go night clubbing without having you tagging along."

This idea hadn't occurred to Ax-ford.

"Jumpin' crow!" he exclaimed, "maybe you got somethin' there!

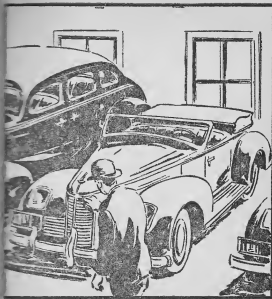


He Lost No Time in Reaching the Apartment

"I better git home fast!"

Ponderous strides carried Axford from the room, with his derby hat tipped well down on his forehead and an unlighted cigar gripped firmly in his teeth.

When Axford was in a hurry, he had little regard for the rattles of his car. He lost no time in getting to the ultra-modern apartment house, and skidding his coupe to a halt in the garage beneath the building. It looked almost apolo-



Axford Felt the Radiators of the Cars

getic, with its battered fenders and chipped paint, as it stood beside the gleaming paint and shining chromium of the other cars.

Axford's long strides took him purposefully to the section where Britt Reid kept his own cars. Axford felt the radiators of the town sedan, the limousine, and then Britt's favorite car, a low-slung roadster.

"All cool," he muttered, "so I guess Reid ain't been out o' here



Britt Reid Sat Near a Radio

this evenin' after all."

He breathed a sigh of relief. He couldn't bear the thought of the fury Britt's father would show, if Axford's negligence were the cause of any accident happening to Britt.

Axford took the elevator to the second floor, and used his key to unlock the front door of the apartment. Britt Reid sat near a radio.

"Well, Axford," the young publisher said, clicking off the receiv-



Kato, the Oriental Valet

er, "have a good time at police headquarters?"

"I don't go there," replied the other, "fer a good time."

He tossed his hat to the davenport, and barely noticed the unobtrusive Oriental valet who picked it up and put it in its proper place.

"I've just been listening to the news broadcast," said Britt Reid. "I understand that there has been another tailor shop bombed."

Axford nodded.



"I Was at the Bombing," Axford Said

"I was there," he said. "Then I took the story to that fathead at yer office an' he cut it down tuh almost nothin' at all. He wouldn't even print me t'eory that the Green Hornet was behind these racketeers."

Britt's face registered surprise.

"The Hornet? What makes you think the Hornet is behind it?" he demanded.

"Just a hunch, I guess."

"There has been a special pros-



"A Special Prosecutor Was Appointed."

ecutor appointed by the governor to try and capture the Green Hornet. Did you know that?"

Axford hadn't heard the news.

"They just announced it on the radio," went on Britt Reid. "A man named Childress, and a good man. Honest as the day is long. He spoke himself, and said that he hoped in the very near future, to not only capture the Green Hornet, but also to smash this ring of racketeers that have been terroriz-



"Is the Shop Badly Damaged?" Britt Asked

ing the whole city."

"Childress," repeated Axford.
"I've heard o' him."

"His son and I were in college together," Britt said. "Jim Childress was a freshman when I graduated. But tell me about this bombing. Was Bender's shop badly damaged?"

"Plenty!" said Axford.

"I don't suppose Bender would give any information, would he?"

"Not a word. ..He was as close-

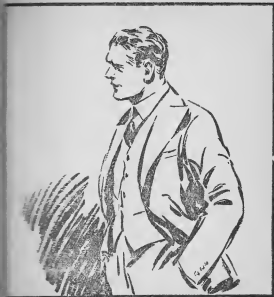


"Bender Refused to Talk," Axford Replied

mouthed as a clam."

"If some of these people only had the courage to speak up and tell what they can about these racketeers, but I suppose they don't dare."

"Of course they don't," said Ax-ford, "an', by golly, I don't know as I blame 'em much. They know that if they squeal, the cops may capture one of the birds that tries to make collections, but the men higher up would never be caught.



Britt Reid Shook His Head Slowly

An' the chances are, the tailors would get killed for squealin'."

Britt Reid shook his head slowly, as if to say that there didn't seem much that could be done, with things as they were at the present time.

"We'll just hope," he said, "that Childress is able to do something."

Axford finished his cigar and tossed the butt into the fireplace. It was a habit of his, a habit that Kato, the valet, frowned on. Kato



Kato Scooped out the Cigar Butt

scooped out the cigar butt, and disposed of it, casting a somewhat frowning look at Axford.

"Where," asked Britt Reid, "will Bender and his wife spend the night? Didn't they sleep behind the shop that was blown up?"

"Oh, the livin' quarters wasn't damaged none. They'll stay there."

Britt nodded slowly, and then turned toward Kato with a peculiar expression in his face. A few moments later, Axford decided



Axford Decided to Retire

that he'd turn in for the night. He headed for his bedroom and the door closed behind him.

"The Green Hornet," murmured Britt Reid softly. "Axford has sworn that he's going to be the one to capture the Green Hornet."

He rose to his feet, a finely built six-foot athlete, and headed for his own bedroom. Kato followed him.

"The Daily Sentinel is offering a reward for the capture of the Hornet, dead or alive," went on



Kato Followed Britt Reid

Britt still thoughtfully. "Childress has been appointed by the governor to try and solve the mystery of the Green Hornet. Every policeman in town is after him."

The door of Britt's bedroom was closed, and then locked by Kato. The small, faithful Oriental watched his master, Britt Reid. Britt unlocked a secret compartment in his dressing table. His long, powerful fingers reached in, and drew out a mask of odd design. He put it



A Secret Compartment in Britt's Table

across the lower part of his face and then looked into a large mirror.

The mask was green. Where the mouth should have been, there was a sinister white figure, the outline of a Hornet. Britt's words were slightly muffled by the mask.

"The Green Hornet," he said. Then, turning to Kato, "Get things ready! We're moving out to action!"



THE GREEN HORNET!

CHAPTER III

INTO THE NIGHT

When Britt Reid was placed in charge of the Daily Sentinel by his father, he was frankly bored by the routine of the business world. Not even his social life served to keep him occupied. The love of adventure had previously found an outlet in athletics, and, after college and gridiron days were over, Britt



Britt Was Bored by the Routine of Business

traveled to many of the far places of the world. It was on one of his trips that he saved the life of his present valet, Kato.

Much to Britt Reid's surprise, Kato told the young traveler that it was a custom in some parts of the Orient for a man whose life was saved, to devote the rest of that life to the service of the man who saved it. Britt was at first amused by the young Oriental's attachment to him, and brought him back from



On One of His Trips He Had Saved Kato's Life

the Orient to serve as his valet. Soon, however, he found that Kato had an education that was supreme. Skilled in most of the sciences, Kato was also an expert at jiu-jitsu, and a mechanic of great ability.

Together, Britt and Kato planned a super-car, the like of which had never been seen. It was assembled in an old livery stable that adjoined the modern apartment building in which Britt lived. His



Kato Was Well Educated

father owned the apartment as well as the livery stable, which had long been vacant.

With the super-car completed, Britt came home one day with an idea that would give his adventurous spirit an outlet, and at the same time, perhaps do some good.

No one had been told about the sleek black machine. Only Britt and Kato knew of its existence. They used that car to go out in the night and get proof for police offi-



They Planned a Super-Car

cials against a certain gang of hoodlums. While the hoodlums went to jail, the mysterious figure in the phantom car had been blamed for a killing that had taken place.

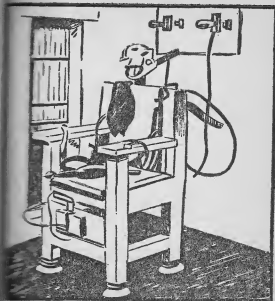
That was how Britt Reid became hunted by the law. He knew, then, that if ever he were captured, and identified as the one who had driven the super-car, there might be a death penalty to pay.



A Mysterious Figure in a Phantom Car

But this hadn't interfered with Britt's intention to repeat his service to the city. He fashioned a mask out of green cloth, and struck again in similar fashion. The horn of his car, sounding something like the buzzing of a giant wasp, was the inspiration of a newspaper reporter. He became known as the mysterious "Hornet."

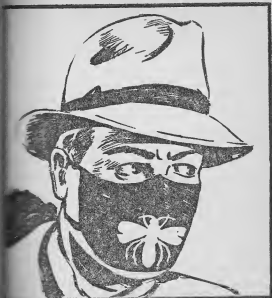
Later, when the color of his mask was described, the mysterious figure was called the "Green



There Might Be a Death Penalty to Pay

Hornet." Time after time the Green Hornet struck at lawbreakers who could not be reached by the police officials because of the red tape of the law.

Many times, it was necessary for the Green Hornet to take blame that should not rightfully have been his for various crimes and he became the most-sought-for character in the city. Not only the police, but also the underworld, many of whose schemes had



The Police Searched for the Mysterious Figure

been thwarted by the masked figure, wanted the Green Hornet.

From time to time, as the need arose, Britt Reid and Kato perfected their car, adding equipment for discharging a smoke screen, a compartment for a complete kit of make-up, and many other incidentals. They devised a secret panel that opened from the rear of Britt Reid's clothespress to make it possible to reach the old livery stable without going out of doors.

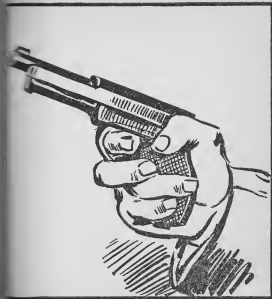


He Was Wanted by the Underworld Also

They installed photo-electric cells that opened and closed the doors of the hiding place automatically.

Then, too, there was the gas weapon. This was one of the most curious parts of the Green Hornet's equipment.

The gas weapon was shaped somewhat like a foreign make of pistol with an oversized cartridge chamber. It held small cylinders that were filled with a quick-acting gas that Kato had invented.



The Green Hornet's Gas Weapon

When fired, the weapon made no sound other than a slight hissing. The gas cartridge broke when it struck, and the gas took instantaneous effect. The gas was both odorless and colorless, but a single whiff of it was sufficient to make a man unconscious. Best of all the gas had no injurious effect.

Circumstances brought about some odd situations for Britt Reid in his dangerous dual role. A wire from his father suggested that the



The Cartridge Broke When It Struck

Daily Sentinel offer a substantial reward for the capture of the much-sought-for Green Hornet.

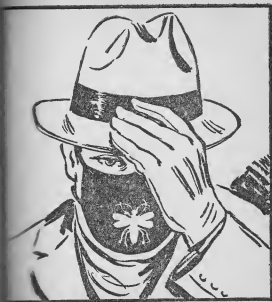
Michael Axford had sworn to capture the mysterious figure, dead or alive. Britt couldn't help but think of the situation as he prepared to go out. Axford, the man who was hired to protect him, was most eager to capture him. His own newspaper would pay the reward for his capture. At that very moment, as Britt opened the



A Wire From Britt's Father

door of his clothespress, with the sinister mask in place across the lower part of his face, Axford was sleeping just a few yards distant in another room.

Britt selected a long dark topcoat and a dark scarf which concealed his throat. He chose a soft hat of dark grey felt, and drew grey gloves from the topcoat pocket. Then, hat brim pulled low to almost meet the mask, Britt Reid was another man.

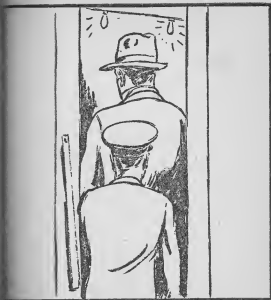


He Put on a Soft, Grey Hat

"Now," he said to Kato, "we're about ready. I'm going to take you along tonight, because you may have to watch the car while I call on that tailor."

"Very well, Mr. Britt," Kato agreed eagerly.

He followed his master through the secret panel of the clothespress, then closed the sliding door behind him. The two were in a narrow passageway, lighted by a few overhead bulbs. It was, in



Through a Narrow Passageway

reality, nothing but an air chamber left between the walls of the apartment for insulating purposes, but it was wide enough to admit the passage of Britt Reid, and of course, the much smaller man Kato.

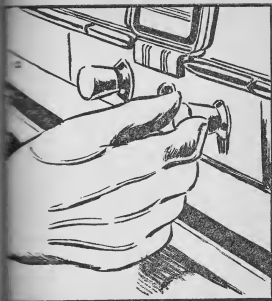
The passage ended in a small door that Britt had installed with his own hands. The door opened on well-oiled hinges, and closed silently after Kato went through. Britt and Kato, the only living



Stairs Led to the Ground Floor

man to know his grim secret, were on the second floor of the livery stable. Old stairs that had been but recently reinforced gave access to the ground floor where the heavy, sleek, black machine stood ready for action.

Britt touched a button on the dash, and the high-powered motor throbbed into life. While Britt checked the many dials and gauges, Kato lifted the hood and watched the marvel of mechanical en-



The Motor Throbbled at Britt's Touch

gineering. Britt observed the oil pressure, heat, battery, and other points that had to be depended upon for safety.

Kato gave each moving part of the big engine a critical examination. Then he closed the hood.

"I guess we're ready," said Britt Reid. "The motor is warmed up and sounds as smooth as a Swiss watch."

Kato looked pleased at what he considered a compliment.



Kato Kept the Car in Good Condition

"I try," he said, "to keep car in perfect shape."

"It's a good thing you do, Kato, if anything broke down while we were in the streets, we'd never have a chance of escape. By this time, everyone, crook and cop, in town knows about the Green Hornet."

"Perhaps, Mr. Britt, you forget story of pitcher that goes one too many time to well for water."

Britt looked slightly amused as



Britt Listened to the Old, Old Story

the peculiar manner Kato had of talking. Though he had heard the old, old story many times, he said, "What was that story about Kato?"

"One day, pitcher break. All smash to thousand and one piece. One day, maybe, your good fortune desert you. Then you smash."

"You're not suggesting are you Kato, that I abandon our plans?"

Kato made no reply.

"Don't you realize, Kato, that



Racketeers Protected by the Law

this entire city is being menaced by a group of racketeers that expect every honest, hard-working man to PAY them, if he doesn't want to be blown to bits? Don't you understand that, as fast as the members of this gang are arrested they are released because the law as it stands, actually protects them?"

Kato looked as though he didn't comprehend.

"As fast," went on Britt Reid



They Hired Crooked Lawyers

"as those hoodlums are arrested they're set free. There is so much money in the gang that they can hire people to swear to false alibis, they can hire crooked lawyers, they can pay bribes, and buy off witnesses. Against that sort of a set-up, the law is helpless! That's why the Green Hornet has to act. That's why we are willing to risk our very lives."

The half-amused expression had gone from Britt Reid's finely chis-



Britt's Face Showed Determination

eled face as he spoke. In its place there was a look of sincerity, an expression of determination.

"I admit," he went on, "that we started this Green Hornet character, more for a thrill than anything else, but since that time, I've seen a crying need for someone who can cut through the red tape of the law. Someone that can fight these crooks with their own weapons. Until new laws are made, and crooked lawyers put where they



"I Hope That I Go With It," Kato Said

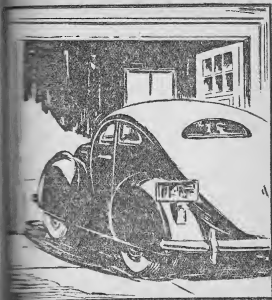
belong, the Green Hornet is going to keep on fighting crime and criminals."

Kato became deadly serious.

"I," he said, "am very sorry, Mr. Britt. When pitcher goes last time to well, my one hope is that I go with it."

"Get in the car," said Britt Reid.

Kato climbed in beside the publisher and closed the heavy car door. Britt clicked the headlights on, and as their beams fell upon the



Doors Opened As If by Magic

door of the old livery stable, those doors opened as if by magic. The black machine moved forward slowly, out into the narrow side street, and the doors behind it closed.

The Green Hornet was in action!



Bender Could Not Sleep

CHAPTER IV

THE SILVER SLIPPER

Bender found it almost impossible to get to sleep after the harrowing experience that had torn his tailor shop apart. It was only after a couple of hours of tossing that he finally was overcome by sheer exhaustion.

It seemed that he had no more than dozed, when suddenly he



He Sat Upright, Listening Closely

found himself quite wide awake. He didn't know what wakened him.

He sat upright in bed, listening attentively. He heard the clock ticking on his dresser, saw the square of the window against the night outside. His first impression was that someone had called to him by name. But he thought he must be mistaken. There was no one in the living quarters, except his wife—and she was sleeping, or



The Window Had Been Opened

should have been, in the next room.

Bender was about to call, and make certain she was all right. Then he noticed the change in the window. When he had gone to bed, he'd opened it a few inches from the top. Now that same window was opened from the bottom, fully opened. This discovery gave the tailor a sudden feeling of alarm. He reached out for the bed lamp and was about to turn it on when a soft but deep voice spoke



"Leave the Lamp Alone!" a Voice Commanded

from the darkness, close to him.

"Leave the lamp alone!"

"Wha—what d-d-do you want?" stammered Bender. "H-Haven't y-you made enough trouble? I—"

"Be quiet," the dominating voice commanded. "I came here at considerable risk to have a talk with you. I'm not going to lose the chance to have that talk by having you give an alarm. I don't want you to waken your wife."

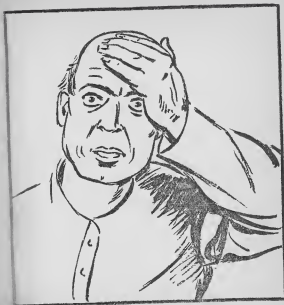
"Is—is she all right?"



Bender's Wife Was Safely Asleep

"Neither of you is going to be harmed, if you'll listen to me, and tell me what I want to know. Now if you want to turn on that lamp, you can do it, but remember, at the first sign of a yell from you, I'm going to gas you!"

Trembling, Bender turned the switch of the bed lamp, and in its glow, saw the tall man in the dark topcoat standing close beside the bed. He saw the odd-shaped weapon in the gloved hand.



"The Green Hornet!" He Gaped

Then, lifting his eyes, he saw the mask.

"Y-Y-You," he gasped in stark surprise, "the Green Hornet!"

"You know the mask?"

"I—I've seen pictures of it."

There had been sketches of the mask, drawn from the memory of those who had been visited by the Green Hornet. The Daily Sentinel had published some of those sketches.

"If," replied the masked man,



"Who Came to You for Money?"

"you know who I am, you'll realize that I am here for a definite reason. I came to find out who came to you for money!"

"I—I d-d-don't know what you mean!"

"Oh, yes, you do! One of the members of the tailor shop racket came to you. He demanded that you sign up with the association for protection. You didn't sign up, so you had a bomb tossed in your shop. Now I want to know



Bender Pleaded With the Green Hornet

who that man was."

"No-no-no," pleaded the tailor.
"Don't ask me that! Please, Hor-
net, go away. Don't make them
kill me!"

"No one is going to kill you. An-
swer my question."

"They will! If I squeal, they'll
kill me. They'll kill my wife too.
I know they will. Look what hap-
pened to the last man that tried to
squeal on them."

"You're not talking to the law



The Masked Man Took out a Package

now, Bender, you're talking to the Green Hornet! I'm giving you the last chance! You'll tell me the name of that man, or you'll regret to your dying day, that you refused to help me."

As he spoke, the Green Hornet drew a package of postcard-size pictures from an inside pocket. They were copies of certain pictures that Britt Reid had in his office in the Daily Sentinel building. He tossed the packet of cards



"Hurry," Snapped the Masked Man

on the bed toward Bender.

"Look at those, and tell me which of the pictures is the man who called on you."

Bender glanced at the pictures, and then looked back at the stern eyes that showed through the narrow space between the mask and the hat brim.

"Hurry," snapped the masked man. "I haven't all night to stand here waiting for you. I have other calls to make. Look at those pic-



Bender Hesitated a Moment

tures and tell me who called on you."

Mechanically, Bender did as he was ordered. His trembling fingers picked first one, then another card from the packet. He finally hesitated.

"Please don't make me do this," he pleaded.

"In one minute," retorted the Green Hornet, "I'm going to let you have the gas from this gun. There might be someone ELSE in



A Picture of Slick Mooney

your family who will be more willing to talk."

"Not my wife, no, no! She's on the verge of a nervous breakdown as it is!" Bender held one picture up. "This, this," he said, "is the man. He came to me, he's the one who tried to make me pay up."

The masked man glanced at the picture. It showed a sleek-haired, narrow-shouldered individual, with eyes that squinted, and a small, waxed mustache.



"They'll Come for Me With Guns!"

"Slick Mooney, eh?" the Green Hornet said.

"I—I heard the man with him call him Slick."

"That is all I want to know."

"Don't tell the police! Please don't tell anyone that I've squealed. They'll come for me with guns. They'll kill me."

The voice of the masked man was more kindly when he spoke again.

"Bender," the Green Hornet

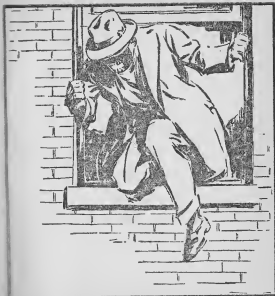


"You Are Not to Be Afraid," the Masked Man Said

said, "I want you to believe what I am going to tell you. No one will know that you've helped me tonight. No one is going to have any idea where I got my information. You may realize before many days have passed, that all that has been printed about the Green Hornet isn't true. Just remember that."

He put the photos back in his pocket, backing toward the window as he did so.

"And remember above all else,



Britt Left Through the Window

that you are not to be afraid of what may happen in the future."

Bender watched the tall form, as Britt Reid climbed out through the open window. In an instant, the masked man dropped to the pavement of a narrow alley alongside the living quarters of the tailor, and was practically concealed by the swirling fog. Two quick steps brought him alongside the phantom-like car.

"It's Slick Mooney," he whis-



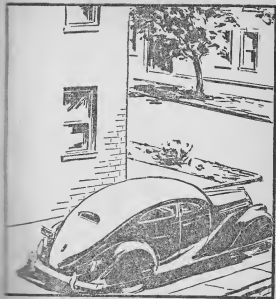
He Slid Behind the Wheel

pered to Kato. "I know where Slick Mooney hangs out. He's usually around the Silver Slipper club. He leaves there about two-thirty, after it's closed, and takes a cab from there to his apartment."

Kato glanced at a radium-dialed clock on the dashboard of the car.

"If we hurry," he told the masked man, "we can be there to see him leave."

"And that's exactly what I want



The Sleek Car Moved Quietly

to do," was the reply.

Britt took his seat beneath the steering wheel.

"Slick Mooney," he went on, "is the man who collected from some of the tailor shops. He'll know the name of the next man above him. When he tells us that man's name, we'll make another call, and so on till we have the name of the man who's at the head of the racket."

The heavy car moved almost silently from the alley into the



Childress Was Honest and Hard Working

street. Heavy tires sucked at the wet pavement. Headlights cut sharp beams through the mist.

Britt drove slowly, so as not to attract attention to the machine. He didn't want to have to flee from the pursuit of police cars, while there was yet so much to be done.

Kato broke a silence of several minutes.

"I thought," he said, "special man was named by governor to

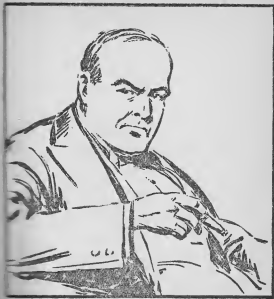


The Silver Slipper Was a Smart Supper Club

break up illegal business."

"You're exactly right, Kato; the father of a college friend of mine was named. His name is Childress, and he's honest and hard working, but he can't accomplish much against the way this gang is organized without some help. Help of the sort the police can't give him."

The Silver Slipper was a fashionable supper club where top prices were charged for fine food, and the best of dance orchestras

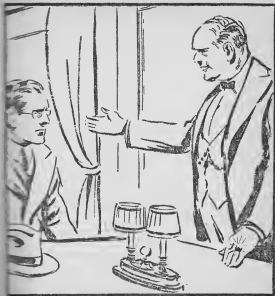


Dan Daggert

supplied music for those who cared to dance. It was a place that was regularly visited by many of the most prominent people in the city.

Britt Reid himself had been there frequently with friends. He knew Dan Daggert, the owner, quite well, and also knew that Daggert was making himself a sizable fortune with his club.

Britt didn't like Dan Daggert personally. He was given to loud talk and boasting, and was always

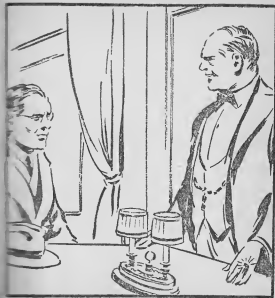


Childress Studied the Fleishy Man

flashily overdressed. While the Green Hornet threaded his way across the city toward the Silver Slipper, Dan Daggert sat at a corner table talking to Special Investigator David Childress.

"If there's ever anything I can do," Daggert said, "you just let me know, Childress. No one can ever say that Dan Daggert ain't a pal that's willin' to go whole hog for a friend."

He leaned back in his chair,



"It Isn't Cash We Want," He Said

clamping a thick black cigar in his thin, hard lips.

Childress studied the fleshy man.

"Yes, siree," continued Daggert expansively, waving a fat hand in a way that made his big diamond ring flash, "anything you want, just speak up. Maybe you'd like a little contribution of cash, to help you catch some of these crooks in town."

Childress waited patiently for the fleshy man to finish speaking.



"I Like Class," Dan Daggert Said

"It isn't cash we want," he said in a cultured voice.

"You do want something though, or you wouldn't be here. Now ain't that so?"

Childress nodded.

"You ain't the sort that comes to a place like this for his fun. You'd get a lot more fun out of sittin' home an' readin' some of them high-class books. But I like you, Childress, see? If I could get more of your kind to come here,



"I Want to Know About Some Men."

it would give my place a lot of class. That's what I like, class. Now that I got all the cash I need, I figured I'd sort of cultivate some classy friends, like you. Now you just tell me what you came for."

Daggert tried to make a pleasing smile, but the result was a leer that made Childress shudder.

"Daggert," he said, "I came here because I want to know about a couple of men who are said to be here quite frequently."



"You Got Some Papers?" Daggert Asked

"Yeah?" Daggert questioned.

"I might as well tell you that at the present time, I've certain papers in my safe at home. Papers that will do a lot of damage to the head of this tailoring racket. I have conclusive proof that Slick Mooney is one of the racketeers, and he spends a lot of his time here at the Silver Slipper."

Dan Daggert leaned forward with interest.

"You say you got some papers?"



"I Have a Great Deal of Information."

"I've gone a lot further than most people think. I've even kept my knowledge a secret from the newspapers. Even the reporters of the Daily Sentinel, the best there are, think that I am still without a shred of information. But the fact is, I have quite a bit of information."

"About Slick Mooney?"

"Enough to send Slick Mooney to jail for life! I found out that he's had a pretty bad record, and



Green Hornet's Expression Was No Longer Friendly

I have secured enough proof to convict him of an old crime. Not only Mooney, but several others. I'm going to give them the chance to name the big men in the racket, and if they don't, I'll see that these old charges against them are pressed."

Childress didn't see the odd expression that came over the face of the other man. Dan Daggert's eyes lost their friendly expression. He nodded.



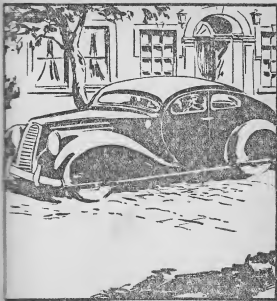
"I'll Talk to Him Alone," Childress Said

"I see. Now what do you want to do about Slick Mooney?"

"Is he still here?" asked Childress.

"Yeah, he hangs around for a while after we close the doors and stop the dance music. He's around someplace. Why?"

"I'd like to talk to him, alone. In your office. He'll know that there are no dictaphones there, and that what he says will be strictly confidential between us."



A Black Car Parked Across the Street

"O.K.," replied Dan Daggert. "You go to my office and wait there. I'll send him in."

Daggert left the table and walked across the floor, while the fine-looking gentleman made his way to the office of the Silver Slipper.

Meanwhile, a black car parked across the street from the entrance of the Silver Slipper, and the Green Hornet watched and waited for Slick Mooney to come out.



Slick Mooney

CHAPTER V

GAMBLER'S PLANS

Slick Mooney spent most of his evening time on the second floor of the Silver Slipper. That section of the building was luxuriously furnished with overstuffed lounges and chairs, and tables for gambling. The men who conducted the various games of chance were dressed in evening clothes, just as



Wealthy Patrons of the Silver Slipper

were the clients who played them.

Slick Mooney, and several others like him, saw to it that the wealthy patrons of the place kept their voices down, and their complaints at losing to themselves.

The games had shut down a few minutes earlier, and Slick stood near the door, fingering his small mustache while he waited for the last of the patrons to leave. He wore a black felt hat at what he considered a stylish angle. His suit



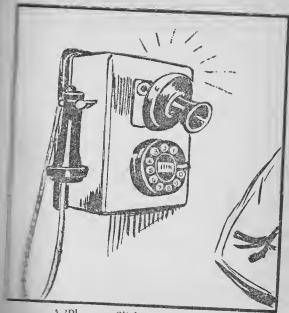
Slick's Clothes Were Well Tailored

was so well tailored that the gun he wore beneath the left front of his coat hardly showed a bulge.

Slick's cold eyes were fixed frequently on the slender, blond young man who lingered near the table where he had been playing and losing all evening.

"I wonder," thought Slick Moon-ey, "what Special Investigator Childress would say, if he knew his own son gambled here."

The thought brought an in-



A 'Phone at Slick's Elbow Jingled

ward chuckle to the gangster.

A wall phone at Slick's elbow jingled softly. Mooney responded with his mouth close to the transmitter. Dan Daggert was speaking from the ground floor.

"Listen careful," the owner of the Silver Slipper said. "I was just talking to that special investigator, David Childress."

"He didn't come to THIS place, did he?" asked Slick.

"Yes," said Dan Daggert, "he



Childress Wants You," Dan Warned Him

came here looking for you. He wants to have a talk with you. He's sitting in my office right now while I look around and find out if you're here tonight. He doesn't know you work upstairs there."

"What," asked Slick Mooney, "does David Childress want of me?"

"I'll tell you, Slick, and you'd better pay close attention. He's out to smash the racket, you know that much. He already suspects



"What Does He Want?" Slick Asked

that you're mixed up in it."

"How does he know that?"

"Let me do the talking and keep still. He's dug up a lot of old charges against you, and he wants to see you. He says if you'll name the HEAD of the racket, and help him GET THE HEAD, he won't press those old charges against you. Otherwise, he'll send you and half a dozen of the other boys to jail. He really has the goods on you and some of the others, Slick.



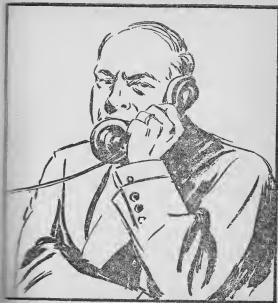
"Let Me Do the Talking!" Dan Shouted

You'd better do something."

"I will," promised Slick Mooney. "I've been waiting for that Childress guy to put the pressure on me. I'm ready for him!"

"What can you do?" asked the voice on the phone.

"Leave it to me, Dan," replied Slick. "Jim Childress, the old man's son is here right now, and he owes the tables a pile of cash. Do you know where Childress has all that evidence?"



"What Can You Do?" He Asked

"In his safe at his home."

"That's all I need to know."

Slick pronged the receiver and turned quickly as he saw Jim Childress, with a forlorn expression, coming toward him.

"Just a minute, Childress," said Slick Mooney.

"Sorry," replied the pale-faced man, "I can't pay you anything tonight. I had my usual bad luck."

"Suppose," said Slick Mooney, taking a firm grip on Jim's arm,



"Sorry," Replied Jim Childress

"we go over and sit down. I'd like to talk over that debt of yours."

Jim made no reply, but permitted himself to be guided to a nearby davenport where he sat, waiting for Slick Mooney to speak. The latter took a small black notebook from an inside pocket and thumbed it to a particular page. "Have you any idea," he said, "how much you owe me now?"

Jim shook his head.

"No, but I guess it's quite a bit."



Slick Had a Small Black Notebook

Slick Mooney nodded slowly.

"About what your father can earn in two years. Just how do you figure you can pay it back?"

"I—I thought for sure my luck would change before this. Bad luck can't go on forever."

"You're exactly right," said Slick in a brittle, cold voice. "It can't go on. It's about time you began to pay back what you owe!"

"Well, I can't! I haven't the money!"

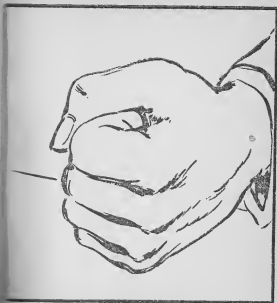


"How Can You Pay It Back?" He Jeered

"Maybe I'd ought to go to your father; I guess he'd pay up. He wouldn't like to know that his son has run up a gambling debt in a place like this."

"It wouldn't do you any good to go to my father. He couldn't pay what I owe, even if he wanted to. Furthermore, he wouldn't let ME pay that cash back to a—a gangster like you!"

There was spirit in Jim's voice. His fists clenched slightly as he



Young Childress Clenched His Fists

stood to face Slick Mooney.

"I didn't want to gamble here in the first place! I should have called your bluff that first time I came here! I know what happened now! You drugged my drink. When I came to, you showed me a huge bill and said that I'd been buying food and drinks for a lot of people in the restaurant. You didn't tell me you worked here then. You played the part of a good friend. You offered to lend



"Now Now What Happened!" Jim Said Bitterly

me the cash to try and win enough to pay for the bill. Then, when I lost, you loaned me more cash. You made me sign notes for the money. Well, it's your own tough luck, Slick Mooney. If you thought you could get me in debt to you, and then collect from Dad, you're all wrong. He can't pay you! If—if I can pay the debts someday, I will."

"So that's the way it is, eh?" said Slick Mooney softly. "You



"You Listen to Me!" Slick Ordered

just found out that I work here. Well, now you listen to me for a while. No matter what you think, I hold your notes and you can't deny the signatures! I won't bother to go to your father. I'll go to the NEWSPAPERS! I guess there's plenty of political opposition to David Childress, and certain papers in this town would pay a mighty fancy sum for proof that his son spends his evenings in gambling places!"



"I'll Go to the Newspapers!" He Shouted

"The—the newspapers!" gasped Jim Childress.

"You heard me," responded the other with a smirk. "Now get wise to yourself, Jim. As a matter of fact, I don't want the cash at all. I want a small favor, that's all."

"What do you mean, a FAVOR?"

"All I want you to do, is open your father's safe. There are certain papers there that I want. I'll give you your notes for those papers!"



"I Want Certain Papers," Slick Said

"You mean, I'm to rob my own father?"

"Oh, it's nothing he'll get rich by holding. Just some records that could do me a lot of harm. In fact, they could send me and some of my pals to jail. Now if we were to be arrested on the evidence your father's collected, you can bet your neck we'll have a lot to say about YOU, with your signed notes to back it up. You get us those papers and we'll call it all square."



"They Could Send Some of Us to Jail."

"I can't steal from Dad," returned Jim Childress quickly.

"You can't very well refuse. You won't be taking any risk, because I'll be right outside the house to take the papers. He'll think it was someone who broke in. We'll even jimmy a window to make it look right."

Jim at first was stunned by the proposal, but he listened while Slick Mooney talked in a persuasive voice. He explained how the

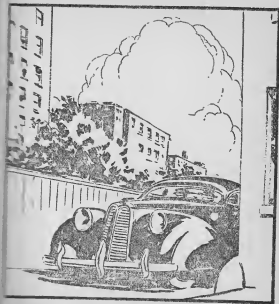


Jim Was Stunned by the Proposal

robbery could be planned and executed in such a way that suspicion would never attach itself to Jim.

"And after all," Slick said, "it would be doing a favor for your father. He'd be a lot better off, losing the evidence that might make things tough for me, than he'd be by hauling me up for a trial, and have me tell all about his son spending his time in a gambling place!"

Jim listened, while Slick talked.

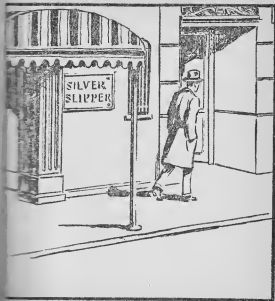


Britt Reid Watched From an Alleyway

And Slick Mooney was a convincing talker.

Across the street from the garish restaurant, there was the mouth of a dark alley. It was here that Britt Reid sat in the car of the Green Hornet, watching the front of the place, while he and Kato were unseen by those who went by.

He glanced frequently at the dashboard clock, wondering why Slick Mooney hadn't come from



He Saw David Childress Leave the Club

the Silver Slipper. It was well after the usual closing time.

Then he saw a man he knew. It was the tall, dignified David Childress, special investigator of rackets. The judicial-looking man had been told by Dan Daggert that Slick couldn't be found, and he was leaving the place in disgust over a wasted evening.

"What in the world," puzzled Britt, "is Special Investigator Childress doing in a place like the



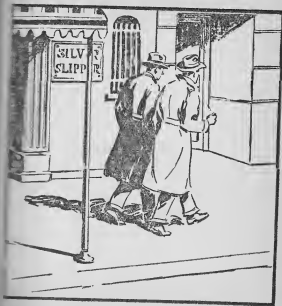
Childress Hailed a Taxicab

Silver Slipper Restaurant?"

Kato made no reply, and Britt apparently didn't expect one. He watched the tall man leave in a cab.

"We'll wait here a little longer," he said, after the cab had departed, "and then go to Slick's apartment and see if he's there."

It was five minutes later, by the dashboard clock, when Slick Moon-ey appeared. Young Jim Childress was with him! The sight of the



Slick and Jim Came out Together

two men together raised a hundred questions in the mind of the Green Hornet. What could these two have in common? Did Jim's father know that Jim himself was in the Silver Slipper? Had Jim been in the restaurant, or in those second-floor gambling rooms?

"That," declared Britt flatly, "makes our work mighty complicated."

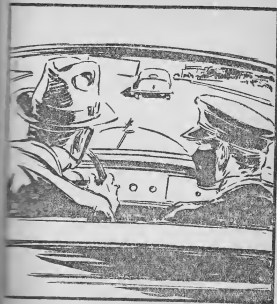
"How is that?" asked Kato.

"These racketeers know that



"Jim Has Always Been Thoughtless," Britt Said

David Childress will keep at his job until he's smashed them. They know he can't be bribed. One way to escape him, is to get him out of office—disgrace him. They could do that, through his own son. Jim has always been thoughtless, sometimes weak! I wonder if he's allowed himself to get linked up with Slick Mooney? If he has, we're going to find it hard to go through with our plans to smash that bunch of crooks!"

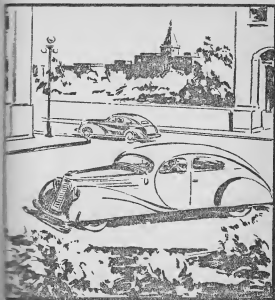


Britt Followed Slick Mooney's Car

"But," said Kato, "if he is with them, he too is dishonest. He too should be punished."

"That, Kato, is where you're wrong. Jim isn't like those racketeers. If he's become affiliated with Slick Mooney, we'll have to BREAK that affiliation before Mooney can make use of it. THEN we'll have to go after Mooney to get the leader of his gang."

Britt started the powerful machine and slipped it into gear. He



He Swung into a Side Street

guided it, almost without sound, into the streets and followed the twin taillights of the big sedan that carried Mooney and Jim Childress.

It took careful maneuvering and a skill that few detectives possess to follow the Mooney car without being obvious about it.

Whenever it was possible, Britt swung into a side street, then cut over on a street that paralleled the course the gangster followed. The

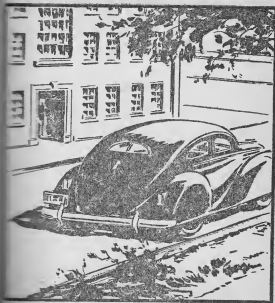


He Changed the Focus of the Headlamps

black beauty raced between the blocks, pausing at each corner until Mooney's car went past a block away. When Mooney turned, Britt Reid saw that turn and acted accordingly.

Frequently, Britt touched a button that changed the focus of the headlamps so Mooney wouldn't notice the same lights behind him and become suspicious.

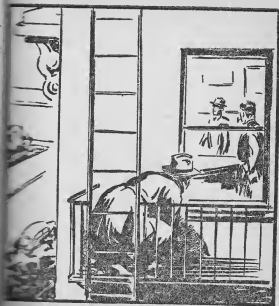
After fifteen minutes of this sort of zigzagging, Britt felt quite



Britt Parked His Car Down the Street.

sure of Mooney's destination. The gangster was going in as direct a course as possible to his own home. And he was taking Jim Childress with him!

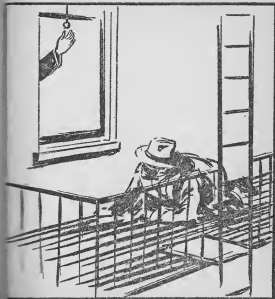
Britt Reid parked his car a half a block from the apartment house where Mooney lived. By the time he had located the apartment, and made use of a fire escape to reach one of its windows in the large brick building, Jim had been inside for nearly half an hour.



Several Men Were in the Library

Crouching outside the window, barely visible in his dark hat, mask and dark coat, against the black sky, Britt Reid saw a half a dozen men in the large library. Mooney seemed to be doing most of the talking, while Jim Childress nodded from time to time, as if agreeing to whatever the sleek-haired gangster said. The other men in the place looked well pleased.

Britt Reid rebuked himself. He hadn't brought his delicate dicta-

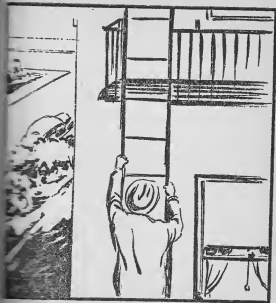


The Masked Man Ducked Quickly

phone with him. If the sensitive device had been pressed against the window glass, he might have heard what was being said inside the place. But as it was, he could do no more than guess at things.

The Green Hornet couldn't plan his activities on guesswork. He had to KNOW! His very life depended on it.

Then the masked man had to move fast. Those in the room stood up, and started to get their



He Descended the Fire Escape

coats and hats. One of them headed directly for the window and Britt had to duck quickly beneath the sill.

But he thanked his lucky stars. The gangster near the window raised his voice and said, "Tomorrow night for certain then!"

"Tomorrow night," the Hornet echoed. "What is going to happen tomorrow night?"

Then he descended the fire escape.

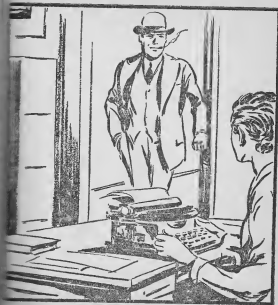


Miss Case, Secretary to the Publisher

CHAPTER VI

THE HORNET WRITES A LETTER

Miss Case had been secretary to the publisher of the Daily Sentinel since before Britt Reid took over the reins. She knew as much about the newspaper business as did Britt himself, and perhaps a little more, because she had received her training while Britt's father was in charge.



Axford Came into the Office

Miss Case had both brains and beauty. She also had a constant headache since Axford had been given a desk in her office, which adjoined Britt's private office.

The minute Axford walked in, he started chattering about the inefficiency of the city editor, the night editor, the chief of police, the chief of detectives and various other individuals.

"They all laugh at me," he complained, parking his heavy form



"They All Laugh at Me," He Complained

in the swivel chair and shoving his hat back on his head. "Blast 'em, I seen 'em all since last night an' they all say I'm crazy."

"Can't blame them for that," retorted Miss Case.

"Now you look here, youngster," said Axford shaking a finger at the slender girl. "Any guy wit' half a brain could see that it's the Green Hornet that's behind the racket."

"Anyone with half a brain could



"One With Half a Brain Could See It," He Said

see that the Green Hornet is behind WHAT racket?"

"This tailorin' shop racket. The racket that makes the tailors pay for protection an' if they don't pay, they get their shop blowed up."

"So the Green Hornet is behind it, is he, Axford?"

"Sure he is!"

"And anyone with half a brain could see that?"

"That they could, by golly," said Axford emphatically.



"You Can See It, Can't You?" She Asked Sweetly

"You of course can see it," said Miss Case sweetly, "can't you, Michael."

"Sure I can. I had a t'eory from the start that the Hornet was—," the big Irishman broke off suddenly as he realized what Miss Case meant. "Sufferin' snakes," he roared, "I got more'n half a brain. I got a detective's brain. I got what's called a deductive mind, I got a photographic eye."

He talked louder as he grew



Axford Shouted With Anger

angrier at the way Miss Case had led him neatly into practically admitting that he was a half-wit.

"YOU," interrupted Miss Case, "talk too much! Now be quiet and find something to occupy your time. I have some letters to write before Mr. Reid gets in."

She turned her back on Axford, who bit into the end of his cigar viciously.

Then Britt Reid entered the office.



Miss Case Ignored Axford

"Good morning," he greeted cheerily.

"Oh, gracious, you're early, Mr. Reid. I haven't even started your letters yet."

"Oh, there's no hurry about them," replied the young millionaire easily. "Whenever you have them finished, just sign my name to them, and send them out."

Axford looked up.

"Reid, now that ain't no way tuh run this business. Yer Dad has



Axford Looked up As Britt Reid Entered

been hopin' you'd take more of an interest in it—"

"Right now I'm interested in the new developments on that tailor shop racket," Reid replied.

"There ain't nothin' new on that."

"There must be something new from David Childress. He certainly would have an opinion on it, don't you think so?"

Axford squinted slightly as he looked at Britt.

"Who you been talkin' to?"



"That Ain't No Way Tuh Run This Business."

"Nobody. Why?"

"You sure you ain't heard from Childress this mornin'?"

"Of course I haven't. But he's a brilliant man, and he's been trying for some time to smash this tailor racket, and all the other rackets that operate in this city. He hasn't made any statements for the press as yet, but he certainly will be ready to make one soon. Don't you think so?"

"I KNOW so!"



"I KNOW So!" Axford Said

"What's that, Axford?"

"I know Childress has got something!"

Miss Case turned from her typewriter.

"Have you been holding out?" she asked.

"I don't tell you all I know," retorted Axford.

Britt opened the door to his office, telling Axford to come in with him. When the former detective had been seated Britt said:



"Have You Been Holding Out?" She Asked

"What's this inside information you have, Axford?"

"Well, the first thing this morn-in', I went tuh see Commissioner Higgins at the cops' headquarters where I knowed he'd be at nine o'clock, on account of he is always there the first thing in the morn-in'!"

"Never mind the preamble," said Britt impatiently. "Get to the point."

"I'm gettin' there! The Commis-



"That's Commissioner Higgins," Axford Explained

sioner was a little put out at the way the newspapers had been razz-in' him fer not makin' any arrests, an' he told me that he could make plenty of 'em, if he could get Dave Childress tuh cooperate. He said that he knew it fer a fact that Childress had evidence against certain guys in this town, but instead of turnin' it in, he was holdin' it till he got evidence against the big shots."

Britt leaned back in his leather-



"Get to the Point," Britt Said Impatiently

covered chair and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling of the walnut-paneled room for several minutes.

"What else did your friend tell you, Axford?"

Axford squirmed uneasily.

"He just told me that I'd better keep me tongue between me teeth an' say nothin' about what he'd said. He said that if anything come out in the paper about evidence that Childress had, he'd cut my throat fer blabbin' it."



Britt Leaned Back in His Chair

Britt smiled at the expression of worry on Axford's broad face.

"You needn't worry about that, Axford. I learn a lot of things that can't be printed."

"The only reason Higgens told me that," continued Michael Axford, "was so's I could try an' use my influence wit' you to stop writin' in the Sentinel that the cops ain't doin' their job."

"We'll lay off the police for a time, if it will help."



"You Needn't Worry," He Assured Axford

"Golly, Reid, that would be swell. It would give me a good stand-in wit' the police commissioner, an' then when I git all me t'eories straightened out, an' am all ready to crack down an' arrest this Green Hornet, I'll have all the help I want."

"That," said Britt Reid dryly, "will be fine and dandy. Now go back to your desk."

Axford moved to the door, opened it, and turned back.



The Police Commissioner

"Now remember, Reid, yuh promised to keep what I told yez out of the Daily Sentinel."

"I will; you needn't worry, Axford."

"If anything is published, my name will be Mud," said Axford, closing the door behind him.

For quite a while, Britt Reid sat there, thinking with eyes half closed.

"So," he thought, "David Childress does have some information.



Axford Started Toward the Door

I wonder if that had anything to do with his visit to the Silver Slipper last evening? I wonder if he knows his son too was there? I wonder if Childress knows about the gambling that goes on, on the second floor of that place?"

Countless questions came to mind, and Britt Reid couldn't answer them. He had learned one important point. Childress WAS in possession of certain information. If that fact were known to



Britt Reid Sat at His Desk, Thinking

some of the hoodlums, his life might be a thing forfeited.

Certain plans were made and rejected while Britt sat there in his big office. Ideas came to his mind, ways and means that he might use what Axford had told him, and combine these with the things that could be accomplished in the role of the Green Hornet.

After about half an hour, he picked up his telephone.

"An outside line," he said.



Telephoned Jim Childress for an Appointment

Dialing the number himself, he presently had Jim Childress on the phone. After the usual interchange of formalities, an appointment was made. Then Britt left his office. He explained, in passing through the outer office, that he had a luncheon appointment at the Civic Club. But he didn't add that the appointment was with Jim Childress.

Axford wanted to accompany Britt Reid.



Britt Prepared to Leave His Office

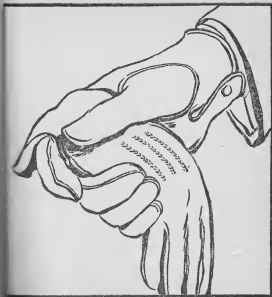
"You forget that only members are allowed inside the club, Ax-ford."

"But I should go where you go, so's I can bodyguard yuh, Reid."

Britt smiled.

"I won't need a bodyguard in broad daylight," he stated good-naturedly.

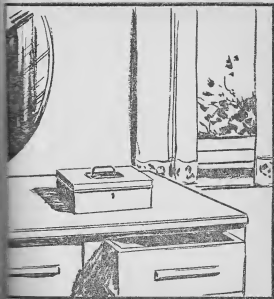
He didn't go straight to the club after leaving the Daily Sentinel building. He hurried first to his apartment. Kato was surprised



A Pair of Thin Silk Gloves

to see the publisher at that hour of the day, but Britt lost no time in explaining his purpose in stopping home. He went directly to his room, opened a secret compartment and brought out a pair of thin silk gloves.

Pulling these on his hands, he was free to handle the special writing paper that the compartment held, without risk of leaving fingerprints. Green ink and a special pen were brought out, and



A Small Tin Box Containing Paper Stamps

a letter in blocked-out square characters was hurriedly prepared.

Britt waved the letter to dry the ink. Use of a blotter might leave telltale evidence. When the writing was quite dry, the millionaire took a small tin box from the same compartment.

He opened this, and, from within, extracted a gummed paper stamp. This he moistened with his tongue, and pressed it on the letter in the place that is usually

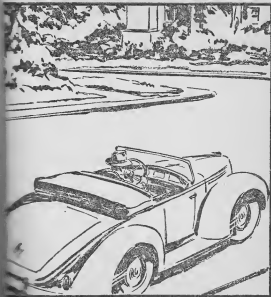


A Small Highly Sensitive Device

reserved for the signature.

He sealed the letter in an envelope, addressed the letter and dropped it on the table. Then he took a small but highly sensitive device from the compartment and put it in an inside pocket.

"You see that the writing materials are put away," he told Kato, peeling off his gloves. "Be sure to use the gloves when you handle them, and when you handle that envelope. I want that envelope



Britt Headed for the Civic Club

delivered at the Civic Club, private room Number Seven, in exactly one hour."

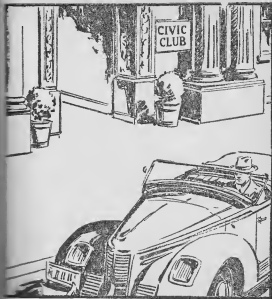
"Very well, Mr. Britt."

"You'll have to use the usual roundabout way of getting it delivered so it can't possibly be traced back to us."

"I will attend to it."

"I know you will," said Britt Reid confidently.

He left the apartment and headed his car for the Civic club.



He Stopped His Roadster at the Curb

CHAPTER VII

JIM'S PANIC

Britt Reid drove quickly to the Civic club. He slid his roadster to the curb in front of the staid old sandstone building in the heart of the residential district.

"I'm already late for an appointment," he told the man at the door. "Take care of my car, won't you?"

"Of course, Mr. Reid," replied



Jim Was Pacing the Floor Nervously

the uniformed attendant. "Mr. Childress has been waiting for you."

"I know it."

Britt pushed through the heavy leaded-glass door, and tossed his hat and topcoat to the man who stood just inside the magnificent hall. He saw Jim Childress pacing nervously at the far end of the high-ceilinged room.

Jim's eyes were red-rimmed with sleeplessness and his hand was



Jim Greeted Britt Reid

moist with nervousness as he greeted Britt Reid.

"What's up?" he said. "Something must be on your mind, if you waste time having luncheon with me. What is it?"

"That's hardly the way to greet an old friend," laughed Britt Reid. "Let's go to the table I reserved. It's a private room. We can talk better there."

When they had been seated and their orders were given to a wait-



Britt Toyed With a Fork.

er, Jim spoke again.

"Out with it, Britt, I've known you a good many years, but this is the first time you've suggested that we eat together."

Britt toyed with a fork, smiling slightly.

"As a matter of fact, Jim," he said, "I did have a reason for wanting to talk to you. It's about your father."

"What about him?"

"As you know, I'm running the



Jim Stoutly Defended His Father

Daily Sentinel since Dad retired. We've been quite interested in the assignment your father has. He's the sort of man that doesn't have much to say. He prefers to let his actions speak for him. But, so far, there has been no action."

"Dad is doing his best," defended Jim stoutly. "He's up against a pretty well-organized bunch of racketeers."

"I know. The tailor shop racketeers. They bombed another



"A Reporter Brought the News," Britt Said

place last night. If that sort of thing continues, they'll be getting paid by every firm in the city."

"Well?"

"One of our reporters," continued Britt Reid, without mentioning that it was Axford who had brought the news, and that Axford was hardly a reporter, "has hinted that your father already knows quite a bit about some members of the gang."

"Don't you believe it!"



Jim Denied Britt's Words

Britt Reid went on without heeding the interruption.

"This reporter said that your father could make some arrests right now, but he's waiting in the hope that he can get at the real boss of the racketeers. Is that so?"

"No, no," said Jim. "I'd know it, if it were true, wouldn't I?"

Britt thought Jim was altogether too prompt and positive in his denial, and said so.

"Why shouldn't I be prompt? I



Britt Knew Jim Was Not Being Truthful

know what Dad has and what he hasn't! I'd know it, if he had any evidence against anyone. He hasn't and you can be sure of that."

Britt Reid knew that Jim was not telling the truth, but he made no comment on that fact.

"Just suppose," he said, "that your father DID have evidence; papers, for example, that would be likely to stand as evidence against some members of the racket. Where would he keep those papers,



"Where Would He Keep the Papers?" Britt Asked

in his office, or at home?"

"At ho—," began Jim, and then he quickly said, "At his office, I suppose!"

"Doesn't he have a vault in his home?"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Knowing how dangerous it would be for those men, if he had such papers, I should think he'd prefer to keep them at home. It would be easy for someone to burglarize his office at night."



A Uniformed Attendant Appeared

Jim's face flushed slightly, and Britt thought it might be either anger or embarrassment that caused it.

"I told you," he snapped, "that Dad has no papers. So what's the difference where he'd keep them?"

"No difference at all," Britt Reid said carelessly. "I was just talking. Let's forget the subject and talk about something more pleasant."

At that moment the door of the



Jim Childress Accepted the Envelope

small room swung open and a uniformed attendant appeared.

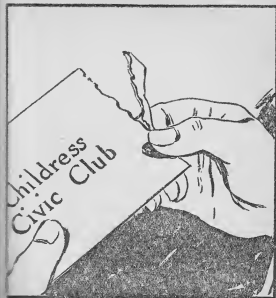
"Mr. Childress?" he said in an impersonal voice.

Jim nodded.

"A letter for you, sir," the attendant said, offering an envelope on a small silver tray.

Jim accepted the envelope with a nod of thanks and the uniformed man left.

"Wonder what this is?" Jim said turning the envelope over in his



Nervously He Ripped It Open

hands. "It must have been brought to the door by messenger. I wonder who knew I was going to be here?"

"Perhaps someone is interested in keeping close track of you."

Jim threw a quick glance at Britt Reid, but the publisher's face was without expression. Jim ripped the flap of the envelope. His nervous fingers extracted a single sheet of paper folded twice. He glanced at it, and his face went even paler than usual.



Jim Childress Hurried From the Room.

"Something wrong?" inquired Britt Reid.

"I—I guess not," stammered Jim. "B-But I must make a phone call. Please excuse me."

Stuffing the message in his pocket, Jim Childress hurried from the room. Britt Reid understood the reason for his friend's alarm. He knew that message by heart. It was the one he had written just a short time before.

"As soon as you receive this," the



Britt Watched Jim Go Down the Hall

message said, "telephone Slick and give him full details. We must have your word for the time you'll act so we can plan accordingly."

In lieu of any signature, there was the seal of the Green Hornet!

Britt allowed time for Jim to get a little start before he too left the dining room. He saw Jim far down the hall, entering the lobby of the club. When Britt Reid reached the lobby, Jim was in one of the row of telephone booths.

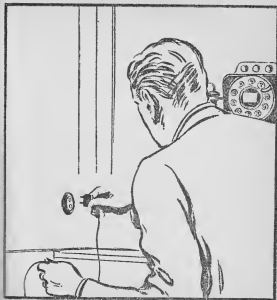


Britt Placed the Microphone Disk Against the Wall

Britt managed to get to one of the adjoining booths without being noticed by his friend.

Inside the narrow booth, Britt worked rapidly. From a pocket, he extracted the tiny microphone disk. This was fashioned in a little cup of rubber that made it possible to press it hard against any flat surface and hold it there by suction.

From another pocket, Britt took a length of wire connected to a



He Plugged the Wire to the Disk

small earphone. He plugged the wire to the disk and pressed the latter against the wall that separated him from the booth where Jim was phoning. Now he could at least hear what Jim Childress said.

For a moment there was silence, while Jim waited for Slick to come to the phone. Then Britt Reid heard Jim's voice say, "Hello, is this you, Mooney? This is Childress. I just had a message from—from the boss. He said to call you



Britt Could Hear What Jim Said

and tell you again, what I told you last night."

Britt couldn't hear what Mooney said. But Jim continued after a brief pause.

"I don't know why he sent me word. In fact, I was surprised when I learned who the big head of this racket is." Another pause and then, "Well, there's no reason to change anything. I told you I'd get what you want tonight as soon as Dad's asleep." A pause. "Around



Jim Found Britt Waiting for Him

eleven o'clock at the latest. He was up late last night, so he'll probably go to bed quite early. Yes, everything stands just as it did. I'll be watching for you outside the library window."

Britt Reid had heard enough. He quickly replaced the instrument in his pocket and when Jim returned to the private dining room, he found Britt just as he had left him.



Britt Reid Had to Plan Every Step Carefully

CHAPTER VIII

HEADED FOR A SHOWDOWN

Britt Reid had to plan every step of his night's activities with the utmost care. He realized that the capture of Slick Mooney wouldn't necessarily mean that the real leader of the tailor shop racket would be brought to justice. And it was this head man that was wanted by the law.



"Why Do You Suspect Mr. Daggert?" Kato Asked

"If," he told Kato in laying out his program, "Slick could be made to squeal, I'm certain he'd name his boss. I have an idea that it is Dan Daggert, owner of the Silver Slipper, but I have to have proof!"

"Why do you suspect him, Mr. Britt?" asked Kato.

"Slick Mooney is pretty close to him. They wouldn't be likely to have so much in common if Slick were taking orders from someone else."



Britt Picked up the Telephone

"But how can you prove it to the police?"

Britt Reid moved across his bedroom floor and picked up the telephone from his desk.

"We'll have to depend to a large extent, on human nature," he said. "I listened to what Jim Childress told Slick today. He didn't say that the Green Hornet signed the letter he received."

The publisher dialed a number.

"It's after nine o'clock," he told



"Put Slick On," He Said Softly

Kato. "Slick should be at the Silver Slipper now."

Kato nodded agreement.

In a moment a voice came on the wire. Britt placed his mouth close to the transmitter and spoke in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Put Slick on the phone," he said.

When he heard the cold, soft voice of the gangster, he said, "This is a tip-off, Slick. Never mind who I am. The big shot is go-



He Replaced the Receiver Carefully

ing to try to frame you!"

"I don't believe it," snarled the hoodlum. "Who's callin'?"

Softly, Britt pressed the receiver on the cradle, and rose to his feet.

"That, I hope, is all that will be necessary, Kato."

Axford hammered on the door of the bedroom. Britt hastily pulled off coat, vest and shoes. Kato, as if sensing his master's needs, was ready with a lounging robe by



~~Britt~~ Opened the Door to Admit Axford

the time Britt Reid had slipped his feet into leather slippers.

"Reid," called Michael Axford from beyond the door. "I want tuh speak to yez!"

"Coming, Axford."

Britt opened the door in his familiar lounging attire.

"What is it?"

"I was just thinkin', Reid, if you ain't goin' out this evenin', maybe I could sort of go an' chew the fat wit' me friends at the cops'



"Look As If I Were Going Out?" He Asked

headquarters. Maybe I could pick up somethin' new fer the Sentinel on this tailorin' shop racket."

"By all means, Axford, go ahead."

"But I wouldn't go there, Reid, if you was goin' out tonight, bein' as I've got to bodyguard yez wherever you go."

"Do I look as if I were going out?"

"No, yuh don't, so I guess it'll be okay fer me tuh go then, won't it?"



Smiled As He Removed Britt's Robe

"Of course it will," said Britt Reid.

Axford lost no time. Britt Reid knew how much his friend and bodyguard enjoyed spending the evenings at police headquarters with some of his old friends, and knew that the big former detective could be depended upon to go there whenever Britt Reid planned to stay home.

"I didn't say anything that wasn't true, did I?" he asked Kato.



There Were Many Details to Be Checked

"No, sir," answered Kato.

"I simply asked him if I LOOK-
ED as if I were going out."

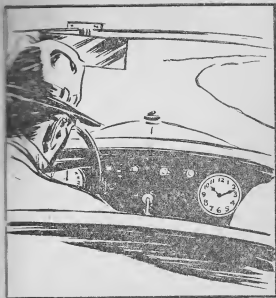
Kato grinned broadly as he followed Britt Reid back to the bedroom.

There were many details to be checked before the two moved into the night in the role of the Green Hornet. The Black Beauty—his speed car—had to be gone over from bumper to bumper to make certain it would carry Britt Reid



Britt Dressed for His Part

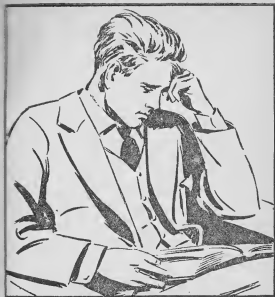
and Kato to safety. The gas weapon had to be reloaded with fresh cartridges of the peculiar gas. The equipment Britt Reid planned to use had to be gone over, and last, but by no means least, Britt had to dress for his part. Dark hat and topcoat, a muffler that came high on his throat, soft shoes that enabled him to run with the speed of a college athlete, yet shoes that gave out no betraying squeaks. Then the mask, and last



It Was After Ten When They Started Out

of all, very thin gloves that wouldn't in any way hamper his movements, yet would prevent any fingerprints.

It was after ten, when everything was ready. The heavy black car slipped almost without a sound from the old livery stable into a dark street. Britt guided it toward the suburban home of David Childress.

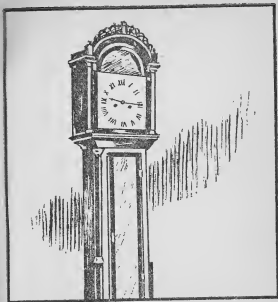


Jim Tried to Read a Book

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

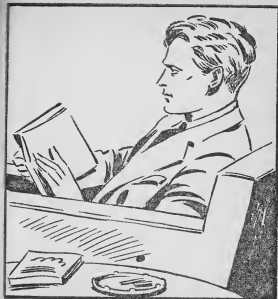
Jim tried to keep himself absorbed in a book that evening, so his father wouldn't feel inclined to talk. He dared not trust himself to speak for fear his guilty conscience might betray him. His father, he knew, had a peculiar knack for asking questions, and if he suspected that Jim had any



The Clock Struck Nine-Fifteen

plans in mind, he'd probe them out.

The minutes seemed to drag like hours. Jim heard the big library clock strike nine, and then, after what seemed ages, it struck nine fifteen. He found himself unable to read, but maintained a pretense nevertheless. At ten o'clock David Childress put down the papers he had been examining, knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and rose as if to go to bed.



Jim Looked up From His Book

Jim looked up from his book.

"Bed?" he queried.

"I guess so, I didn't get much sleep last night. I thought I might be able to get a line on the leader of this tailor shop racket, but the man I wanted to speak to wasn't in."

"Who was that?" asked Jim.

"A little hoodlum by the name of Slick Mooney."

Jim felt himself gasp with the information. He wanted to ask a lot of questions, but he dared not



David Childress Eyed His Son Curiously

take the risk of being discovered.

The tall investigator looked at his son curiously.

"Do you," he asked, "know this man?"

"Oh, no. No, I don't know him," Jim replied quickly, perhaps too quickly.

David Childress squinted slightly.

"I thought you might. He spends a lot of his time at the Silver Slipper."



He Had Been Wanting a Talk With Jim

Jim's eyes were on his book.

"Oh," he said.

"Don't you go there at times, Jim?"

Jim nodded without speaking, wishing fervently that his father would drop the matter.

The older man pursed his lips in thought. For some time he had wanted to have a talk with Jim. He felt that his son was spending too much time away from home. He began to speak, but changed his



Jim Listened at His Father's Door

mind. Tonight he was too tired to go into a discussion. Another evening, perhaps, would do as well.

Jim felt a great relief, when his father murmured, "Goodnight," and went upstairs.

In half an hour, Jim tiptoed up the stairs himself and listened at the door of his parent's bedroom. He could hear the deep breathing that told him that his father was asleep.

"So far," he thought, "so good."



He Knew the Combination to the Safe

He returned to the library and crouched before the safe.

Jim knew the combination as well as his father did. He had opened the small iron box countless times to get things David Childress wanted. But this time it was different. This time he had no right to touch that dial, no right to open the safe. He was little better than a common burglar. In fact, worse, because his father trusted him.

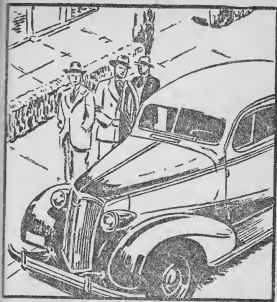
His nervous fingers missed the



There Would Be a Tap on the Window

combination several times. Perspiration beaded his forehead. He tried to tell himself that this was the best thing, in the long run, for his father. He told himself that he was, in reality, doing his father a favor, sparing him the disgrace of facing the truth. But his arguments didn't sound nearly as convincing as they had when Slick Mooney had voiced them.

Quarter to eleven! At any moment, he might hear the light tap-



They Did Not Park Directly Before the House

ping on the window that would signify that Slick and his friends had arrived.

For the fifth time he began the combination to the safe, the safe that held evidence against Slick Mooney and several of his cronies.

With Slick Mooney there arrived three other men, all gangsters who should have long since been jailed. They parked their machine half a block from the Childress home and covered the rest of the distance on



"Just the Library Is Lighted," Mooney Whispered

foot. For a moment they paused across the street from the house, surveying the windows.

"Just one room lighted," Mooney whispered, "and that's the library where the safe is. We can go around to the back of the house, and get into the library from there."

The others nodded agreement and moved forward silently.

A French door framed the dim light from the library as the gang-



He Tapped Lightly on the Glass

sters stood in the gardens in the rear of the big house that David Childress had managed to salvage from the depression.

Slick Mooney pressed close to the window, and saw Jim crouched before the safe. He chuckled softly.

"Means to keep his word," he said. "I'll make sure everything is set before we go in."

He tapped lightly on the glass of the door. Jim jerked to his feet at the sound. He came to the window



Slim Was One of the Gang

and nodded, holding up a sheaf of papers.

"He's got 'em," Mooney gloated. "Now go to it, Slim—you've got to make this look like a burglary."

The man called Slim forced the end of the iron jimmy into a crack in the door, and exerted pressure. There was a faint creaking, followed by a sharp snap.

"Good work," said Slick Mooney. He pushed the door open easily, now that the lock and catch had



Slick Mooney Took the Papers

been broken, and stepped into the room.

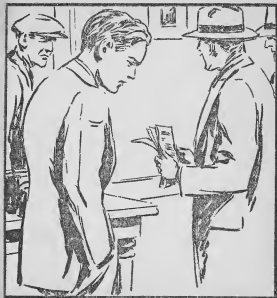
Jim came forward to meet the gangsters.

"Did you bring those notes?" he whispered in a hoarse voice.

Slick Mooney nodded.

"Don't get grabby," he snapped, "I want to see what you've got first. I'm warning you, it had better be the real thing."

Jim held out the papers, which Slick Mooney took. He spread



Jim Felt Sick at Heart

them on a small table beneath the single lamp that burned, and went through them hastily. His face paled, when he saw them.

"Why, this stuff is dynamite," he gasped. "There's enough here to send every one of us down for life. It must have taken Childress years to get this stuff together."

Jim felt sick at heart. Years of his father's efforts being thrown away, and all because he had been stupid enough to become involved



The Grim Mark of the Hornet

with men of Mooney's ilk. For a brief instant, he was almost a man. He thought of throwing caution to the wind; of leaping on these gangsters with a shout that would bring his father on the run, armed with a .38.

But then he remembered the Green Hornet. Though that letter he'd received at the club was burned, the grim mark of the Hornet was seared into his brain. The Green Hornet, whom he consider-



"What About My Notes?" Jim Asked

ed the leader of this gang, would tolerate no double-crossing. So he kept quiet while Slick scanned the papers.

"Mighty good thing we're getting these out of your old man's hands," Slick said. "And the best part of it is that he can't replace all this stuff. Some of the people who signed these statements are dead now."

"What about those notes of mine?" said Jim.



The Masked Man Held a Peculiar-Looking Weapon

"I guess you've earned 'em." Slick brought some dozen small slips of paper from an inside pocket. "They're all there," he said.

And then it happened.

A new voice spoke up in the room.

"I'll take those notes!" it said.

Jim stood spellbound. Slick and his pals whirled toward the speaker, and then froze to attention as they saw the tall, black-coated form. The face was covered by a



"I Was Supposed to Rub You Out," He Said

mask, emblazoned with the green outline of a Hornet. And in the gloved hand, the man held a peculiar-looking weapon. His voice, when he spoke again, was soft, but resonant, and each word was clipped and precise.

"Don't make any sudden moves, or I'll have to use the gas from this gun and leave you here for the cops." He advanced on Slick Mooney. "I'm giving you the chance to get out of the city," he said. "I was



The Green Hornet Snatched the Papers

supposed to rub you out and let the cops find you. But I'm giving you a chance to stay in the clear!"

"Wait," said Slick in a fear-stricken voice. "That dirty double-crossing rat sold me out to you, didn't he?"

"So what?" snapped the masked man.

"I was tipped off. I get it now, he's through with me! He's sold me out to work with you! But I'll get him for it. You tell him that!"



He Swung Toward Jim Childress

The Green Hornet snatched the papers from Slick Mooney's hands. The other gangsters stood as if spellbound, while the masked man went on speaking!

"I'll take charge of this evidence from now on, Mooney! And I warn you, your present boss will USE it against you, if you stay around this city after tonight! He's sent the cops here already to get you, so you'd better make tracks!"

The masked man swung slightly



The Fleeing Man Fell Instantly

toward Jim Childress whose eyes were wide and staring.

"As for the notes, I'll hold those too, and the next time YOU get out of line, you'll PAY THEM UP!"

A shrill scream of a police siren came from outside.

"The cops," yelled Slick.

"Wait!" snapped the Hornet. "I have more to say to you!"

One of the gangster's yelled, "Tell it to the marines, I'm getting out!"



Britt Struck Slick a Vicious Blow

He raced for the door. The masked man raised his pistol slightly, and there was a faint "puff." A cloud of smoke seemed to envelope the fleeing hoodlum, and he collapsed instantly and fell face down on the floor. Another of the men, the one called Slim, was close behind him. Too close to dodge the anesthetic fumes, he gasped slightly, and he too dropped to the floor.

Meanwhile Slick made a sudden leap. He reached to grab the mask-



A Sweep of His Arm Sent the Lamp Crashing

ed man, but the Green Hornet stepped nimbly to one side. Slick was off balance, and lurched past the man in the mask. As he did so, Britt Reid swung his fist in a short arc and chopped a vicious blow directly on Slick Mooney's chin.

The fourth hoodlum had by this time reached the door in the rear of the library.

Then the voice of David Childress called from upstairs!

Britt Reid acted with dazzling



"I'll Shoot," Shouted David Childress

speed. A sweep of his arm sent the floor lamp crashing. Then the room was dark. Jim felt strong arms gripping him, a dominating voice whispering in his ear.

"Listen to what I tell you," said the Hornet. "As far as anyone knows, I am the one who opened the safe. Your father will see you struggling with me. He'll see the mark of the Hornet on the safe. He'll find the papers I'll drop, as I make my escape. Let him think



Britt Fled Through the Door

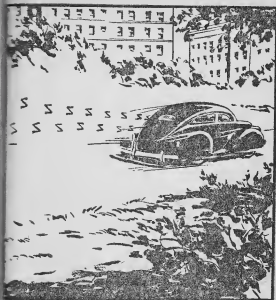
you caught us here, burglarizing the safe. Let him think you grappled with me!"

David Childress shouted from the far end of the library.

"Stand where you are, or I'll shoot!"

Police sirens told Britt Reid that a squad car was at the curb. He had scant seconds left.

"Remember," he snapped in Jim's ear, "I'm taking your notes with me! The next time you're



Like the Buzzing of a Gigantic Wasp

tempted to double-cross your own father, or to get mixed up in anything like this, you'll have those notes to explain! As long as you behave you can trust the Hornet to keep your secret. I'm doing this for the sake of your father."

With that, Britt jabbed his fist to Jim's face, and fled through the door at the rear. He leaped to the running board of the Black Beauty, with Kato at the wheel. By the time David Childress flicked a



"My Son Almost Captured Him," He Said

switch that flooded the room with light, the Green Hornet was making his escape, with the weird-sounding horn, like the buzzing of a gigantic wasp trailing behind to mock the police.

The police, with Axford in their midst, burst upon the scene.

Jim Childress didn't have a chance to talk. His father grasped the situation and outlined it as he saw it. "They came here," he told the law men, "led by the Green



"We Had a Telephone Call," the Sergeant Said

Hornet, to get some papers from my safe! The Hornet had those papers, but he had to drop them when my son almost captured him."

Jim felt like a rotter as admiring eyes turned on him. He wanted to tell his father the truth, the whole truth, but the special investigator wouldn't listen.

"I'll tell the law men," he said, interrupting Jim before he could say anything. "These papers will send every one of the men in this



"It Was Dan Daggert!" Slick Mooney Shouted

room to jail! That one, is Slick Mooney, and—" he broke off suddenly. "But how did you police happen to get here?"

"We had a phone call," the sergeant in charge said. "We were told that there was going to be an attempt to rob you."

Slick Mooney swore fluently.

"I'll tell you who called," he said. "It was Dan Daggert!"

"Daggert," echoed David Childress.



"I Could Send Him to the Chair," He Said

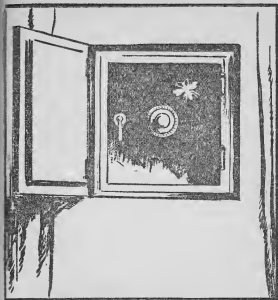
"He's always been the big shot and he thinks he's in the clear. He figured that he'd used me all he could and he wanted me to get captured. He's dropped me to link up with this Green Hornet! Well, I'll go to jail—there's plenty against me now, but I won't go there alone! I'll tell all I know about Dan Dag-gert. Why, he's planned this for weeks! He even had me fake a lot of debts on the kid there," pointing to Jim Childress, "just so he'd have



"I Got Tuh Call My Newspaper," Axford Said

some reason for sending me here to get caught like this! Well, I know enough to send Dan Daggert to the chair! I can prove he's the one that hired a couple birds to bomb some tailor shops. I can prove everything I tell you!"

"Sufferin' snakes," roared Michael Axford suddenly. "Dan Daggert the leader of the racketeers! That's news! I got tuh call me newspaper right away. By golly, now they can't say my t'eories was



The Mark of the Green Hornet

all crazy! I said right along that the Green Hornet was in this!"

"And I guess you're right," said David Childress. "There's the proof of it right on that safe!"

For the first time, Jim noticed the small green sticker on the safe. The mark of the Green Hornet!

He vowed that no matter what he heard about this mysterious figure, no matter what crimes in the future might be charged to the Green Hornet, he would know the



Jim Childress Had Learned a Lesson

truth. The Green Hornet was NOT a criminal. The Green Hornet would be accused of this burglary, but he, Jim Childress, was saved from crime because of the masked man's act.

More than that, Jim Childress had learned a lesson. Given a chance now, he pledged silently to make his father proud of him, knowing that somewhere, some man unknown to him, would likewise be proud.



The Other Gangsters Confessed Too

Britt Reid, the next day, listened to Axford's long story. The tailor shop racket was smashed wide open. Slick's confession started the other captured gangsters talking, and once started, each tried to outdo the others in aiding the state in the hope that their own terms might be made shorter in appreciation of their help.

David Childress got full credit for the round-up, and of all the men involved there was just one



The Green Hornet Had Escaped

who escaped the dragnet that the police threw out. That one was a man whose real identity was known only to a faithful little Oriental. To everyone else in the city, the Green Hornet was still unknown.

But there was one more crime charged against this unknown man. One more crime to pay for, when and if he were finally captured. But that "crime" didn't trouble Britt Reid's conscience.

Read These **EXCITING BOOKS** Too!

Cowboys! — Indians! — Horses!

RED RYDER and Little Beaver on Hoofs of Thunder

KEN MAYNARD and Gun Wolves of the Gila
THE LONE RANGER and the Black Shirt Highwayman

THE DESERT EAGLE Rides Again!

Lone Star Martin of the TEXAS RANGERS

GENE AUTRY in Low of the Range

TIM McCOY and the Soudy Gulch Stampede

BUCK JONES and the Killers of Crooked Butte

TOM MIX and His Circus on the Borbory Coast

FLAME BOY and the INDIANS' SECRET

TEX THORNE Comes out of the West

KING of the ROYAL MOUNTED and the Great
Jewel Mystery (Zane Grey)

Read These THRILLING BOOKS Too!

Detectives! — Police! — G-Men!

CHARLIE CHAN of the Honolulu Police
✧ DICK TRACY, the Super-Detective
✧ GANG BUSTERS Step In!
RED BARRY, Undercover Man
TOM BEATTY, Ace of the Service, and the Big Brain Gang
DAN DUNN, Secret Operative 48, and the Border Smugglers
INSPECTOR WADE of SCOTLAND YARD and the Red Aces Mystery
G-MAN and the Gun Runners
Jim Craig, STATE TROOPER, and the Kidnapped Governor
CALLING WIXYZ: Jimmy Kean and The Radio Spies
Detective Higgins of the RACKET SQUAD
SECRET AGENT X-9 and the Mad Assassin

Read These FASCINATING BOOKS Too!

Fun! — Comedy! — Laughs!

BLONDIE, Baby Dumpling, and Daisy the Dog
HUCKLEBERRY FINN, by Mark Twain
MICKEY ROONEY Himself
HAROLD TEEN Swinging at the Sugar Bowl
LI'L ABNER Among the Millionaires
POPEYE and the Deep Sea Mystery
SKEEZIX at the Military Academy
MICKEY MOUSE and the Pirate Submarine
Edgar Bergen and CHARLIE MCCARTHY
ALLEY OOP and Dinny (the Dinosaur) in the Jungles of Moo
Such a life! Says DONALD DUCK, by Walt Disney
KAYO and the One-Man Gong (with Moon Mullins)
BIG CHIEF WAHOO and the GREAT GUSTO
PERRY WINKLE and the Rinkeydinks Get a Horse
SMOKEY STOVER the Foo Fighter
APPLE MARY and Dennie's Lucky Apples

THE *Best* OF THE
BETTER LITTLE BOOKS

- MICKEY MOUSE
- DONALD DUCK
- THE LONE RANGER,
with Silver and Tonto
- DICK TRACY the Detective
- TOM MIX
- BUCK JONES
- TARZAN OF THE APES
- LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
- DAN DUNN, Secret Operative 48
- KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED